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ALBONI.

THIS celebrated songstress was married lately, in Paris, to the Count de Pepoli, a young nobleman, related to the author of *I Puritani* and other well-known Italian librettos.

The fact is at once a matter for rejoicing and for apprehension. We rejoice, and every one must rejoice, that a lady who has so often charmed us by her sweet singing, and her magical voice, should have found happiness at the domestic hearth. But if the happiness she has found be the loss of her unrivalled talent to the world, then will the world have to lament that Alboni is happy. The world is a great egotist.

Let us trust, and hope, and pray that though Alboni has taken a partner for life, she will not think it necessary to disdain the thousands who, in loving her, loved music in one of its purest and most gifted representatives. Let her still, as Alboni the singer, receive the homage of the crowd, and be worshipped as the Syren while she may not be courted as the woman.

If Alboni refuses the petition of her adorers, and retires from public life, we must be satisfied to live upon her memory. The consolation will be a soft, though a sad one. She must not, nay, she cannot, drive us to this strait. If she does, we shall marry Shelley to Mendelssohn, in a chorus—to be sung, night after night, under her window, in the Elysian Fields, till she is forced to change her resolution, and once more make the air vibrate with her voice's harmony.

SERENADE TO ALBONI.

Poetry, Shelley. Music, Mendelssohn.

"I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again!
"Let me drink in the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh more!—I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain."

If at the end of the second stanza, strengthened, where such beauty can be strengthened, by the exquisite melody of one of Mendelssohn's *lieder*, Alboni does not relent, come to the balcony, and spontaneously let loose one of her most bewitching airs,

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"
then are we no prophets—which, on the contrary, we are.

Alboni will sing again—depend upon it; and in London, too, depend upon it; and very soon, moreover, depend upon it.

JULLIEN.

ON Monday, at noon, a large concourse of amateurs, well-known musicians, and patrons of the art, assembled in the Hanover-square Rooms for the purpose of offering a testimonial to Jullien, in the shape of a magnificent *baton*, richly inlaid with gold, and almost covered with diamonds, some of them of great size and price. The value of this *baton*, which was purchased with a part of the receipts derived from the grand "Testimonial Concert," as it was called, at Drury Lane Theatre on the Monday previous, cannot be less than 300*l*. The large diamond which surmounts it must alone be worth 100*l*., being of the purest and most brilliant water. An inscription on the *baton* bears the date of the gift, and an appropriate testimony from the members of the orchestra,—who, having given their services on the occasion, may, with the singers and the solists, be regarded as the real donors to the worth of Jullien as a man and as an artist.

The *baton*, the magnificence of which excited the greatest admiration, was presented by Mr. Howell, the renowned contrabassist, who expressed in a few words the sentiments entertained by himself and his brother members of the orchestra towards one who had laboured so zealously, and for so many years, in their behalf.

While professing his inability to make a speech, Jullien, who was sensibly affected, made one quite worthy of the occasion. He was greatly touched by such a mark of esteem from his fellow-workers in the orchestra, to whom he owed, with pride, that he was indebted for his position and reputation, and whom he heartily thanked for their unremitting exertions. At the conclusion he declared his deep regret that he could not take all of them with him to seek new fortunes in a distant and mighty country, where the love of music was as great, and its cultivation as general, as in any part of the old world. At the end of the speech Jullien was cheered with warmth and unanimity. A collation was then served, and after shaking hands with all and every of his ancient and well-tried friends, Jullien took his leave amidst the loud greetings and applause of the assembly.

On Monday, at 5 o'clock, p.m., Jullien started for Liverpool by the express train, and stopped at Mr. Radwell's Adelphi Hotel. On Wednesday, at 1 p.m., he sailed from the Mersey, in the American ship, *The Baltic*, commanded by

Captain Cromstock. Jullien was accompanied by his wife, his godson, Dr. Joy, the active and intelligent agent of the enterprise, and several others. The splendid vessel was more than usually full—a vast number of Americans returning to New York in consequence of the Great Exhibition. As he had with him, besides his immediate personal effects, no less than eleven tons of luggage, Jullien found great difficulty in prevailing on the authorities to take any of it on board. Through the assiduity of Dr. Joy, however, and the great kindness and attention of Captain Cromstock, all obstacles were surmounted, and the goods were finally shipped. The weather, which had been very unpropitious in the forenoon, cleared up by mid-day, and the sun shone brightly as the ship emerged from the harbour, the guns firing salutations in the usual manner. There was a great crowd on the quays, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved alternately from shore and steam-boat; Jullien being conspicuous to the last on the poop, like a *chef d'orchestre* at the head of his band.

The members of the orchestra who accompany Jullien to America, will leave, with Mr. Arthur Chappell, of the great firm of Chappell, on Wednesday next, by another boat which starts from Liverpool. They are as follows:—

Four first violins—Thomas Baker (leader), Henry Hill, E. Mollenhauer, and F. Mollenhauer.—These gentlemen are all known to the public as talented artists. The extraordinary duet playing of the brothers Mollenhauer must be well remembered by those who attended Jullien's concerts in the winter.

Second violin, Louis Barque; tenor and viol d'amor, Schreus; first violoncello, Lütgen; second violoncello, Engelke. Most of these are from the celebrated band of the Theatre de la Monnaie, otherwise the Grand Opera, at Brussels.

A. Winterbottom, and White—both English double-bass players of talent.

LAVIGNE, first oboe—one of the greatest performers in the world; De Prins, second oboe—another good player on the same instrument, also from Brussels.

WULLE, first clarinet—the Belgian Lazarus, an artist who has no superior on his instrument; Sonnenberg, second clarinet, a player of the highest ability, who has frequently distinguished himself at the Drury Lane concerts.

COLLINET, flageolet—the little king of that little instrument.

REICHERT, flute—an executant of unrivalled ability, whose performances have been frequently the source of astonishment and delight to the musical public during the season now expiring, (at Benedict's monster-concert, at the Concerts of the New Philharmonic Society, at Jullien's Testimonial Concert, at the benefit of Sims Reeves, &c. &c.) Reichert is a Belgian, and was introduced to Jullien, while at Brussels, by Fétis, the distinguished theorist, critic, and principal of the Conservatoire.

Second flute, Charles—a good player; first bassoon, Hardy, an English performer of eminence; horns, Stenebrugger and Hughes—the former from Brussels, and both tried performers.

WINTERBOTTOM, trombone—one of the finest players on that fine instrument, who performed a solo, composed by David, the violinist of Leipsic, at the Philharmonic Concerts this season, with the greatest success.

Ophicleide, S. Hughes; Cornet-à-pistons, Holt; Drums, F. Hughes—well-known English players of ability.

DUHEM, Trumpet—from Brussels—the greatest player on that difficult instrument in all Belgium, and an equal proficient on the cornet-à-pistons.

Solo Cornet-à-pistons	KOENIG.
Solo Contrabasso . .	BOTTESINI.
Solo Vocalist . . .	ANNA ZERR.
Conductor . . .	JULLIEN.

The second bassoon has not yet been appointed.

A stronger force need hardly be desired. Not the least striking feature of the concerts is likely to be Anna Zerr's wonderful execution of the two songs of *Astriaffante*, the Queen of Night, in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, which has never been approached, in its way, by any singer in the history of the art—Jenny Lind, whose higher notes were so clear and beautiful, not excepted.

Bottesini will go in an English boat, after the rest of the band.

Jullien will give his first concert in Castle-Garden, on the first of September. We need add nothing to what has already been said of his prospects in the new and friendly country he is about to visit. For a twelvemonth, therefore, we take leave of him, with every wish for his success, and a hearty vow for his speedy return to Old England.

*. We may add that the music in *Struensee*, which its illustrious composer, Meyerbeer, presented to Jullien at Berlin, will be among the novelties introduced at Castle Garden.

*. Since writing the above there has been the Cab "strike." What would Jullien have done—with his eleven tons of luggage, his personal effects, himself, and his companions—had he started two days later? The storm took place on the evening of his departure—mocking the moon, and belying the noonday promises of the sun. We have some hopes, however, that, as the storm was a travelling storm, no portion of its skirts hung over, at the time, that part of the Atlantic in which "The Baltic" was running, with Jullien and his party.

Was it that the storm, angry at having missed him, vented its wrath upon those who were left behind lashing the bare metropolis with rain, punching it with thunderbolts, and searing it with electric fluid? Certain it is, that over the bald head of "Drury" it hung like a pall—while no other edifice was so piteously peppered as that ancient and hoary fabric—the scene of so many of Jullien's triumphs. It was as though, now Jullien was no longer there to rival them, the elements would give a concert—a promenade concert in good earnest, seeing there were no cabs to be seen.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

"Better late than never"—some say. "Better never than late"—others say. We say whichever happens to suit us at a pinch. Therefore, "Better late than never."

Sterndalé Bennett gave an afternoon concert of pianoforte music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 4th of July, 1853, which will be remembered till the 4th of July, 1854. Why then should we apologise for having waited 26 days to notice a performance that will remain in the memory 365 days? It were preposterous to apologise in such a case; and it would unbecome the *Musical World* to appear preposterous. This is our apology for declining to apologise.

We have lost the programme of Sterndalé Bennett's concert; but we have only to open the portfolio of the brain, by applying memory, the key, and there it is, at full length:—

PART 1.

- Trio in E flat, Op. 12, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ... Hummel.
 Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Dando, and Sig. Piatti.
 Duet, "Dearest let thy footsteps follow." Faust. Spohr.
 Madame and Signor Ferrari.
 Song, Signor Gardoni ... Mendelssohn.
 "Al suon di tua melode."
 Selection, Suites de Pièces, Op. 24 ... Bennett.
 Pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndalé Bennett.
 No. 2 in E major.
 No. 3 in E minor.
 Capriccio in A minor, No. 3, Op. 28.
 (First time.)
 Cavatina, "Ah rendimi" ... Rossi.
 Miss Dolby.
 Sonata, Op. 5, in G minor, Pianoforte and Violoncello ... Beethoven.
 Mr. W. S. Bennett and Signor Piatti.

PART 2.

- Overture, in D major, 4 quatre mains ... J. S. Bach.
 Mr. Robert Barnett and Mr. W. Sterndalé Bennett.
 Songs, "All is quiet."—Cradle Song—"A bird sat on an alder bough" ... Spohr.
 Mrs. Enderssohn.—Clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams.
 Selection from Preludes and Lessons, Op. 33, (First time.) ... W. S. Bennett.
 Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett.
 Minuetto; Der Schmetterling; Il Pensieroso; Zephyrus.
 Aria, "Le Chemin du Paradis" ... Blumenthal.
 Signor Gardoni.
 Sonata, in A minor ... Mozart.
 Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett; Accompanist, Mr. George Russell.

Old Hummel came out very fresh and sparkling, under Bennett's fluent fingers. No fiddler fiddles such music with better grace than Dando, while all runs smoothly from the pearly strings of Piatti. And so the whole was a real treat.

Spohr's charming duet was well sung by the accomplished pair to whom it was allotted; and the delicious *lied* of Mendelssohn came from the lips of the Italian tenor—who gave it in his lazy captivating vernacular—like the "eloquence melodious" of Him with the Golden Tongue, whom of Welsh legends speak in rugged rhyme.

The two numbers from the *Suite de Pièces*—a grand and elaborate set of studies, which every advanced pianist should possess—were nobly played by the composer. Of all the six

pieces we prefer the two selected by Bennett for this occasion. The E major is as playful and fascinating, as the other is impassioned.

Who can sing the one *cavatina* of old Rossi (who wanted but *ni* to be bigger than himself) better than Miss Dolby?—None! Who so well?—Few. "Name them"—we cannot.

The G minor sonata for violoncello was perfectly executed. It seems to be preferred by Bennett and Piatti, since they play it oftener than the others.

Bach's overture—a fine piece of solid writing, strict and striking, contrapuntal and curious—was played with masterly precision by the two pianists. Mr. Robert Barnett, one of the best players in England, plays too well to play so seldom.

Mrs. Enderssohn did justice to both her songs; and the clarinet of Mr. Williams was as mellifluous as of yore. The "Bird and the maiden" (a great favourite of Mendelssohn) is one of the most exquisite of Spohr's *lieder*.

The *Preludes and Lessons*, Op. 33—of which among the four numbers introduced by Bennett, two (the *Schmetterling* ("Butterfly"), and *Zephyrus*) were unanimously encored—promise to become the most popular, as they are the most generally useful, of the easier pianoforte works of their composer. A more charming elementary work, one more likely to captivate the pupil, while it aids his progress, was never before offered by a musician to the world. All styles of execution, all forms of passage, are illustrated in the preludes and lessons, in a most artistic, refined, and graceful manner. Their only fault indeed is their brevity; and this the audience evidently felt, when they redemanded two out of the four which Bennett played so perfectly.

Of Blumenthal's clever song, and Gardoni's singing, we have spoken on several occasions.

Mozart's magnificent sonata, played by Sterndalé Bennett in his finest manner, was a glorious climax to this delightful concert.

Mr. George Russell who accompanied the vocal music with the utmost taste, is a pupil of Mr. Bennett.

The Hanover-square Rooms were filled to overflowing, and the whole performance was greeted with the most flattering applause. Sterndalé Bennett was never heard to greater advantage, and never achieved a more brilliant success.

"Better late than never!"

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Instead of *La Favorita*—which was to have been given, for the third time, on Saturday night—Rossini's *Otello* was presented. Mario, being seriously indisposed, was ordered by his medical adviser to take sea air at Brighton; and a change in the bills was, therefore, inevitable. It was not the fault of the management—or, indeed, of any one—but simply a misfortune, which could not be averted. Luckily, Grisi, never indisposed, and better disposed than ever; Tamberlik, with a frame and voice that set climate and weather at defiance; and Ronconi, who has only been unwell once in the course of two seasons, were ready and able to step into the breach. Through their exertions, although there had been no rehearsal for the

opera, the subscribers and the public were treated to one of the most perfect and delightful performances that can be imagined—a performance not likely to be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Few musical connoisseurs who, expecting to hear *La Favorita*, find *Otello* put up in its place, would be likely to cry out at the disappointment. With all its blemishes, the result of hasty composition, this opera is incontestably one of the most remarkable of its author. The librettist, Signor Tottola, has made some queer work with Shakspeare's magnificent play; but he was not able to destroy its dramatic interest and effect so utterly as to rob the musician of every chance of distinction. On the contrary, the book, as it stands in the operatic version, presents many situations thoroughly adapted for music; and of these, in several instances, Rossini has availed himself with felicity. In portraying the emotions and busy conflicts of masses, the "Swan of Pesaro" is seldom unsuccessful; and his treatment of the *finale* to Act I., where *Otello* appears (like Edgardo in *Lucia*) just as Desdemona is about to yield to the will of her father, Elmiro, who advocates the suit of Rodrigo, is elaborate and imposing; while that to Act II., where Desdemona, faithful to her lover, resists the appeals of his antagonists, is even yet more stirring, animated, and dramatic. The duet, in which Iago excites the Moor to fury by his traitorous inventions, is a brilliant and effective piece of writing, and, if well sung, can never fail to excite the audience. The third act—which involves the despair of Desdemona, the rage of *Otello*, and the final catastrophe—is a *chef-d'œuvre*, justifying the predilection entertained for it by its composer. Not the least of its beauties is the romance, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," which the unfortunate Venetian lady sings to her harp, as an imaginary solace to her woes. This exquisite melody may be cited as an irresistible argument against those who deny Rossini the gift of excelling in the pathetic style. With the exception of Desdemona, the librettist has robbed Shakspeare's personages of their individuality, besides altering the incidents of the drama materially. The character which has most suffered, in passing through the hands of Signor Tottola, is Iago, who, from the awful and inscrutable being he appears in the English tragedy, becomes an ordinary villain—a rejected lover, an unscrupulous liar, and nothing else. *Otello* himself almost fades into an abstraction, though retaining something, however little, of his original self. But the peculiarities of the *libretto* and the merits of the music in Rossini's *Otello* have been frequently dwelt upon; and what we have said may suffice to recall, without further discussion, the general characteristics of both. It remains to speak of the performance.

When *Otello* was revived in 1850 the character of the Moor was considered the most successful impersonation of Signor Tamberlik, both in a vocal and histrionic point of view. It was his first season in London; and, though he had gradually wrought upon the sympathies and won the esteem of the public, it was not until his appearance as *Otello* that the now popular tenor was unhesitatingly pronounced a first-rate singer and actor. His performance then, however, admitted of no denial, and his reputation was established. Whatever part Signor Tamberlik has since essayed—and every one has displayed more or less excellence—numbering even Arnoldo, in *Guglielmo Tell*, the best of all, *Otello*, still remains his masterpiece. He looks, acts, and sings the part as probably no one, certainly no one in our time, has done before him. Had Rossini consulted the peculiarities of his voice before putting pen to paper, he could not have fitted Signor Tamberlik more entirely. The music suits him from first to last, as much in the *morceaux d'ensemble* as in the duets and solos.

The Desdemona of Grisi is yet without a rival. Years have effaced but little of its charm, as a picture of womanly tenderness and devotion, of alternate passion and despair; while its vocal attractions, except in some few passages of florid execution, and one or two places where the higher region of the voice is taxed, are little impaired. Perhaps no character in the extended *repertoire* of this gifted lady—Norma and Lucrezia included—tends more strongly to show how wonderfully, after an almost unprecedented artistic career, her great original powers have been preserved. Ronconi's Iago is a shrewd and subtle conception. Where the author has done nothing, Ronconi contrives to suggest a great deal. His demeanour throughout, more especially in his scenes with *Otello*, seems to indicate a desire to revive, where it is practicable, the spirit of Shakspeare, which had vanished from the pages of the librettist. At all events, Ronconi invests the phantom Iago of the Italian with a certain air of mystery, removing him from the class of common villains, and creating a belief that there is more in him than is immediately apprehended. Thus attention, if not sympathy, is excited, and the character saved from being a nonentity.

The striking points in the execution on Saturday night may be briefly recounted. Tamberlik's opening air, "Ah, si per voi," and Grisi's "Quando guerrier mio splendente," were both finely sung and much applauded. In each of the grand *finales* Grisi was admirable—particularly in that of Act II., where the conflicting sentiments that agitate Desdemona in presence of Rodrigo, whose persecution she detests, and of *Otello*, whose jealous incredulity drives her to madness, were depicted with consummate truth. We have rarely heard her sing the passage, "Tra tante smanie" with more feeling, or the *bravura*, "Che smania! ahimè! che affanno?" with greater vehemence and power. At the end of this act she was unanimously called before the curtain. As usual the duet, "Non m'inganno," in which Iago exasperates *Otello* by showing him the letter and handkerchief of Desdemona, was one of the grand points of the performance. It was splendidly sung by Tamberlik and Ronconi; and a C sharp in alt, given with tremendous force by the former, raised the enthusiasm of the audience. The last movement of the duet was encored amidst the loudest applause, and repeated with increased effect—the C sharp (the highest note ever known to have been sung, from the chest, by a tenor) being repeated by Signor Tamberlik, with even greater resonance and volume. At the end of the duet both singers were summoned to reappear. The last scene of the opera was the most impressive of all, Grisi sang the "Assisa a piè d'un salice," and the prayer, "Deh calma, o Ciel," with touching pathos; and the soliloquy of *Otello*, previous to the murder of his wife, was a noble display of vocal declamation on the part of Signor Tamberlik. In the concluding duet, which terminates with the murder of Desdemona and the suicide of *Otello*, the acting and singing of both artists reached the highest degree of expression without once bordering on exaggeration. It was a terrible scene, represented with terrible reality; the incident of the double murder was managed with eminent skill, and the curtain fell upon a legitimate artistic triumph. Grisi and Tamberlik were twice recalled, and applauded with a warmth that plainly declared the satisfaction of the audience.

Signor Stigelli played Rodrigo extremely well, and sang from first to last with great cleverness; but his frequent resort to the *falsetto* suggested, what we should hardly have suspected, that the music was too high for him. Nothing in his way could be better than the Elmiro of Tagliafico, and nothing more careful and unobtrusive than Mademoiselle Cotti's Elvira. The performance of the orchestra, considering

there had been no rehearsal, was quite extraordinary. Mr. Costa was fairly put "upon his metal" and came out of the ordeal with his accustomed good luck. The chorus, we regret to say, were lamentably imperfect. It is true they had not the advantage, enjoyed by the band, of reading from the books, and that, consequently, the want of a rehearsal was to them a matter of graver importance.

After the opera a new *pas de deux*, in the Spanish style, was danced by Mademoiselle Plunket and M. Desplaces with great spirit—the accomplished *danseuse* exhibiting more than usual piquancy of style and neatness of execution. The entertainments concluded with the new *ballet*, entitled *Fleur-rette*, which we mention in justice to Mademoiselle Besson, who is rapidly advancing in her art and in the esteem of the public. The house was extremely well attended.

The *Favorita* was repeated on Tuesday, Mario having returned from Brighton completely renovated in health and spirits.

On Thursday the *Huguenots* was given—Grisi and Mario having then appeared two nights consecutively—a circumstance of rare occurrence. No doubt the subscribers were all the better pleased, and the public did not grumble.

Jessonda will positively be produced next week, or the week after. Public curiosity is greatly excited about the illustrious Spohr's *chef-d'œuvre*. We have no doubt the opera will be presented in a style worthy the magnificent resources of the Royal Italian Opera.

Dramatic.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Although conventionality, when it is made to take the place of genius, is one of the most fatal and invidious foes of every art, we are reminded now and then, that even an admission of this fact must not be carried to its extreme consequences. The performance of *Othello* by the Germans, shows that there is a point at which even convention must be respected. On our stage the plays of Shakspeare are always acted according to a certain tradition—probably as old as the plays themselves. Variations may take place in the characters and arrangements of the scene, and the barn-like performance of one day may be followed by the gorgeous spectacle of another; but there are certain peculiarities in the representation of such permanent plays as *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, that never varnish. The humblest *habitué* of an English theatre knows from a source other than the book where the great scenes and speeches, or even lines occur, what are the important personages of the drama, and wherein their importance consists. Now, the performance of *Othello*, at the St. James's Theatre, was that of a number of conscientious, painstaking artists, who, we have no doubt, could come forward with their *Shakespeares* in their hands, and from the printed evidence alone could make out a very good case in favour of their style of representation. But they have not the slightest knowledge of the unwritten tradition, and hence a play, which, acted by the vilest English company, never fails to produce an excitement, goes off more tamely than any piece which the Germans have yet played. We can see and appreciate the care and intelligence with which Herr Dessoir acts *Othello*. The choking in his throat, under the influence of Iago's mental torture, is a creditable attempt to show the effect of an excess of pain, and the speech terminating with "*Othello's occupation's gone*" is delivered with a warmth of feeling which is not an ordinary Teutonic quality. Herr Dessoir has a high position at Berlin, and we have no doubt that his impersonation of the noble Moor would be found satisfac-

tory by a Berlin audience. But he is not the *Othello* to whom the English have been accustomed—the personage who in his tranquil moods is an ideal of almost formal dignity, and who in his moments of agony makes a point of every new accession of torment. The value of the address to the Senate is, we are convinced, totally unknown to the Germans. With us the speech stands out; it marks the place where the principal character takes his position with the audience. A pause precedes its delivery, and the personages on the stage dispose themselves to give it an isolated effect. With the Germans the speech seems to merge itself into the general business of the scene. This may be very natural, but it is an effect missed, and when our old conventional effects are missed throughout, and nothing new is put in their place, the result is far from exhilarating.

On the Iago of Herr Pauli we need not dwell, as we cannot think that such a very inefficient performance is a type of German acting in characters of so much importance. The fact, however, that Iago has no distinctive dress or appearance to attract the eye, but is allowed to loiter about unnoticed, like a mere supernumerary, is a striking instance of the absence of useful traditions from the German theatres.

The bursts of indignation from the lips of Emilia are among the most startling points in the English drama, since Emilia not only expresses her own rage, but a rage which is felt by the public likewise. This truth could never have reached the ears of Frau Froitzheim. Her wish that the "rascal" might be "lashed naked through the world" is expressed with less vehemence than would be employed by a person anxious to take a walk to signify his desire for a fine afternoon.

The Desdemona of Fraulein Fuhr is gentle, graceful, affectionate, and unobtrusive. This character, indeed, is the only one which can thoroughly satisfy an audience, judging from the English point of view.

Altogether, we would counsel the Germans to adhere to the types of their own dramatic literature. These Shakspearian exhibitions expose them to the risk of being judged according to a standard which is not their own, and they are likely to fail where men of perhaps less intelligence than themselves can, by a mere knowledge of routine, achieve a tolerable success.

The tragedy of *Fiesco* occupies in Schiller's works, when arranged according to the order of production, a place between *Die Rauber* and *Kabale und Liebe*. When he began it is not altogether certain, but he completed it shortly after the production of *Die Rauber*, at Mannheim, in January, 1782, while the flush of his first triumph was still upon him. On the occasion of his celebrated flight from Stuttgart to Mannheim he took it with him, as a probable source of subsistence, reasonably hoping that a town at which he had achieved a most brilliant success, would receive him with open arms. He was not deceived as to the friendly feeling of Mannheim. Herr Meyer, the *régisseur* of the theatre, was delighted to see before him the author of *Die Rauber*, and a party of actors was soon assembled to hear a "reading" of *Fiesco*. Difficulties, however, arose in the way of its production, and it was not till January, 1784, when Schiller had formally accepted the post of poet to the Mannheim theatre, that it was actually brought out. In the meanwhile he had nearly completed his *Kabale und Liebe*, which was brought out about three months after *Fiesco*.

The fact that this "Republican tragedy," as Schiller himself called it, came into such close contact with *Die Rauber* on

the one side, and *Kabale* on the other, and the additional fact that Schiller composed it in a state of absolute misery, has caused the critics of Germany to regard it as an exponent of that same state of mind which produced the two other plays. In fact, it is set down as belonging to that "storm and pressure" school to which Schiller gave a new impulse after it had been abandoned by Goethe. There is always a fascination in the notion that a man's life can be cut into separate sections, and definitively ticketed with some literary product; and this fascination has, we suspect, led to a depreciation of the important differences that exist between *Fiesco* and the plays of the same period. *Die Räuber* and *Kabale* are clearly related to each other. They are "destructive" works, in the same sense that the Parisian politics of 1792 were destructive; one showed the battle of a hot-headed youth against existing institutions which did not correspond with his ideal; the other represented that war of the poor against the rich which so often gives a social aspect to political questions. If the *dramatis personæ* of the two plays together had been thrown into one French *émeute*, Karl von Moor would have been the chief hero of a barricade, while the fiddler miller and family would have applauded from a neighbouring window. But *Fiesco*, notwithstanding its place between the two other plays, always appears to us as a sort of mental anachronism,—as a work which in a great degree anticipated the production of a much later period.

Where do we find the "destructive" tendency, or even the republican tendency of *Fiesco*? We have a story of an abortive conspiracy, the leader of which, while he displays his talent, inspires the least possible respect for his principles. As soon as absolute power is within his grasp, he seizes it unscrupulously, and, having proved a traitor to his political adversaries, is pushed off a plank, by an honest republican, as a traitor to his own party. A boyish hero is a man of abstract principles, who ignores expediency altogether, and would carry those principles into practice, without even so much as a little wholesome delay. Of this kind of hero we have types in both Karl and Ferdinand; but *Fiesco* belongs to quite another *genus*. He is essentially the man of expedients, and we can fancy easily enough that he was the ideal of the crafty Cardinal de Retz, who, at an early age, incurred the suspicions of Richelieu by the unction with which he wrote his account of the Genoese conspiracy; but how he can be regarded as a mouthpiece of Schiller's hatred of existing Governments is beyond our power of conjecture. Then, if *Fiesco* himself is not the organ of Schillerian republicanism, who is? Verrina is too old, too hard, and too chilly, to fill the office in question, and, though there is considerable affinity to Karl Von Moor in the young conspirator Bourgognino, he is as much too small as his elderly friend is too old. On the other hand, while republicanism is totally without a strong representative, we have the old Doge, Andreas Doria,—the conservative personage of the piece,—brought before us as a man who can inspire no feeling but that of unmixed respect. All the other men of the piece (except perhaps Bourgognino) have something like a soil on their character, but the Doge is a man of unblemished honour and integrity, against whom even his enemies do not utter a word. He is simply unfortunate in having a very bad nephew; and when this nephew is knocked on the head, we feel that Nemesis ought to be perfectly satisfied. Indeed, Nemesis is satisfied, and Doria retains his throne.

We are perfectly aware that, prior to the representation of

Fiesco at Mannheim, in 1784, the catastrophe was altered, and the unscrupulous Count di Lavagna was made a sincere republican. However, that Schiller made the alterations not to suit his own views, but to please a public already delighted with *Die Räuber*, is proved by the fact, that the *Fiesco* which appears in the collected works of the poet is the first version of, as it stood before the alteration.

From a due consideration, therefore, of the plot and personages of *Fiesco*, we would come to the conclusion, that this play, though it falls chronologically into what is called the politico-moral period, belongs in a great measure to that class of drama in which the poet, far from wishing to make his play a vehicle for his own moral or political doctrines, stands apart from his work, and regards it as an artist only. If *Fiesco* had been written in 1802, we should have gone still further, and said that it was a conservative drama, in the same sense that we give that appellation to *Wilhelm Tell*.

All that we have said above relates to the plan and personages only. The coarse vigour of the dialogue and the heaping together of bombastic expressions, show that the taste of the author, in point of language, was much the same as when he wrote the other two plays of the first period, and some of his early lyrical poems. The wild utterances of rage and grief set down by the young Schiller in the plenitude of his first inspirations will often awaken a smile in readers who are safely out of their teens, but when we reflect that these uncouth outpourings are unmistakable signs of juvenile strength, and that the material which we first see in the raw was afterwards capable of such noble moulding, we cannot regard even the aberrations of Schiller's youthful works with any feeling but that of affectionate respect.

Another point of resemblance between *Fiesco* and the other two plays may be found in the personage of the Moorish bravo, who is one of the best comic villains ever written for any stage. The minor robbers in *Die Räuber*, the old fiddler in *Kabale*, and the Moor in *Fiesco*, to whom we have just alluded, all show that Schiller was endowed with a great deal of comic humour, and this peculiarity places the three plays apart from the rest of his works. In *Don Carlos*, which was the next play in chronological order, the comic element was dropped altogether, nor do we find any traces of it in any of the subsequent original dramatic works of Schiller, with the exception of *Wallenstein's Lager*, when it stands apart from the tragedy.

Herr Devrient produced *Fiesco* on the occasion of his benefit last night, and it may be pronounced after *Wilhelm Tell* the most striking novelty of the present German season. The character of *Fiesco* eminently suits Herr Devrient himself, who, while he completely looks the elegant Italian noble, conveys by the artifice of his manner a perfect notion of the cautious, dissimulating conspirator. His delivery of the fable of the beasts and their republic, in the situation which is manifestly founded on the elder story of Menenius Agrippa, was remarkable as a specimen of pointed elocution, and the soliloquy, in which *Fiesco* expresses his struggle between republicanism and ambition—a struggle which does not last long—was given with a force that rendered it one of the most effective displays of the evening. Again, for a burst of intense passion, the scene in which *Fiesco* discovers that he has killed his wife by mistake, was very remarkable, the momentary abandonment to the agony of the situation standing in strong contrast to the usually artificial deportment of the character. The Moor was excellently acted by

Herr Dessoir, who gave to this most eccentric of assassins a peculiarity which, as far as our knowledge goes, is perfectly original. The droll cut-throats, who from time to time appear on our stage, are always somewhat grim in their mirth, and, if they laugh at their wickedness, their laugh is sepulchral. But the Moor of Herr Dessoir is a joyous little fellow, who has an honest delight in crime, and chuckles over a new piece of villainy as a Figaro would over a new intrigue, hopping on the stage and hopping off again as he brings or takes mischief, and walking off to the gallows at last as if it were the natural end of his pleasantries. Mr. O. Smith would, doubtless, have looked stern to see the character of an assassin treated with so much levity, but it was a very clever conception capitally carried out. The other characters were respectably sustained.

By the omission of Calcagna's love for Leonora, and several scenes in divers portions of the play, the acting version is rendered shorter than the original, but in all essential particulars it is the same with the *Fiesco* contained in Schiller's works.

ADELPHI.—If the new burlesque, as regards character incident, and dialogue, must be looked upon as a failure, a few words on the acting, scenery, and appointments are, perhaps, the more necessary. Mr. Mark Lemon has failed to avail himself of the tempting opportunity of turning the "sublime coxcomb," or ferocious dandy King, Sadanapalus, into a fallen Brummel, who, with a greatness exceeding that of the Assyrian hero, condescended to live after his loss of power. This want of sagacity in the author is the greater, as, jesting apart, there may be, after all, more real affinity than thousands may suppose between the dandy monarch of Assyria (without the redeeming touches of the poet's pen) and the dandy autocrat of the London drawing-rooms. Leaving this knotty point to the learned, let us briefly do justice to the performance. Miss Woolgar did her very best to Brummelise the king. So completely was she disguised, as to be recognisable by her voice alone. The pale face, black beard, moustachios, and morning gown, were in strict and admirable keeping with the character. It was the more to be regretted that the dialogue did not give her better and more frequent opportunities. Miss Fanny Maskell played Beleses (the soothsayer) with spirit and humour. Messrs. Bedford and Keeley had parts unworthy of them. The dresses and appointments are magnificent, and the scenery absolutely beyond praise. "The Isle of Palms, with the palace of Nineveh," is probably as brilliant a scenic picture of the kind as the London stage has ever yet had to boast.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A numerous, although not crowded audience was attracted to this theatre on Monday evening, by "a grand concert." As "Legion" was alike the name of the pieces (between thirty and forty in number), of the repeats, (comprising two-thirds of the programme) and of the performers, we can only, as usual, give a brief summary. Foremost among the vocalists was the fair and fascinating Angri, who sang "Una voce poco fa," and the Brindisi. "Il segreto per esser felice." For the first, we were not in time. The latter was encoired in a hurricane. Signor Gardoni sang in a variety of pieces, among which were two arias and an English madrigal, was repeatedly encoired, and seems to be as great a favourite with the fair portion of the audience as ever. Then among the "natives," we had Mr. George Tedder, who contrived to maintain his usual position with the audience, in spite of the foreign talent arrayed against him—Madame F. Lablache, (who was encoired with her hus-

band in Fioravanti's "Singing lesson")—Miss Julia Harland and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam (pretty Kathleen), encoired in songs; and last, though not least, Miss Stabbach, who has lately been exciting attention by her sweet voice and native style, and who made the very best of a graceful ballad written for her by Miss Walker. The instrumentalists were Signor Bazzini (violin), Bottesini (contra-basso), Mr. G. Collins (violoncello), and the young eight-year-old, Arthur Napoleon (pianoforte). Signor Bazzini helped himself to applause enough to satisfy the most voracious lust for that intoxicating beverage. In tone and execution, he has, we should think, scarcely a superior. His style is, however, not perfectly free from pedantry and mannerism. Mr. Collins was called upon to repeat a violoncello solo. The young Arthur Napoleon, who played a fantasia from *La Straniera*, displays all the signs of an infant Hercules. What he may or may not do when he reaches the fair estate of manhood, we cannot pretend to anticipate. As for Signor Bottesini, he wants no critical bellows to puff him down the stream of popular favour.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MUSIC OF SAVAGE NATIONS.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Music*.)

When Captain Parry visited the Esquimaux, they were as nearly in a state of barbarism as possible, and though fond of music, had no instruments except a species of drum and tambourine. They had songs, but there was neither variety, compass, nor melody, in their vocal effusions.

Although the Mexicans were comparatively refined, and luxurious when conquered by the Spaniards, they had nothing worth calling by the name of music. Their chief instruments were two drums, one called the *Huehuetl*, the other the *Teponaztli*; the former of which was a cylinder of wood, more than three feet high, curiously carved and painted on the outside, covered above with the skin of a deer, well dressed and stretched, which was slackened occasionally to make the sound more sharp or deep. This was struck only with the fingers. The *teponaztli* was of a cylindrical shape, hollowed inside, but without any opening, except two parallel slits in the middle. This was sounded by beating these two slits with little sticks. It was made of different sizes, some small enough to be hung around the neck, and others five feet long. They had besides, horns, sea-shells, and little flutes, or pipes, which make a shrill sound, and an instrument used by their dancers, called *Ajacxtili*. This was a little vessel, round or oval in shape, pierced with small holes, and containing a number of little stones, being an instrument, in fact, of no higher description than a child's rattle.

The only instrument possessed by the North American Indians, besides the drum, was a flute, formed of thick cane, or reed. It was about two feet in length, and had eight or nine holes in it in one row. This was played upon in the same way as a clarinet, and the sound produced was not unlike the common whistle. The tones of this instrument were by no means unharmonious, and admitted of a pleasing modulation; but Mr. Weld never met with an Indian able to play a regular air upon it, not even one of those which they were in the habit of singing. He saw several who were fond of amusing themselves with the instrument, and who would sit for hours together, beside the embers of their cabin fire, playing over a few wild melancholy notes. Every Indian that could bring a sound out of the instrument, and stop the holes, thought himself master of it; and the notes which they commonly produced were as unconnected and as unmeaning as those which a child would bring out of a whistle.

Father Charlevoix, in the account he gives of the Indian tribes through which he travelled, corroborates, as far as it goes, that of Mr. Weld; and it is remarkable, that little change has taken place up to the present day. In April, 1828, Captain Hall visited the Creek Indians; and he was present at one of their grand ball-plays, which he was told by one of the agents of the United

States, was "a perfectly genuine unsophisticated display of the Indians, who had resided on the spot from time immemorial." At this festival there were present "two musicians, one of whom was hammering away with his fingers on a drum, formed of a piece of deer-skin, stretched over the hollowed trunk of a tree, while the other kept time with a large gourd, containing a handful of gravel."

Captain Cook says the Otaheiteans had drums as well as flutes; and there were travelling musicians amongst them, who accompanied the instruments with their voices; and the voyagers, to their surprise, in general found that they were the subject of their songs, which were unpremeditated.

Their drums were hollow blocks of wood, of a cylindrical form, solid at one end, and covered at the other with shark's skin. They had no drum-sticks, but beat them with their hands. At Amsterdam, one of the Friendly Isles, Captain Cook and his officers were entertained by the women with songs, and they accompanied the music by snapping their fingers. Here only three musical instruments were found, one a flute, made of a piece of bamboo, with four holes or stops, which was filled from the nose, as at Otaheite; the second was composed of ten or eleven small reeds of unequal lengths, bound together, side by side, like the *Syrinx*, or Pan's pipe; and thirdly, a drum, which was nothing more than a hollow log of wood, which, when beat on the sides, emitted a sound, not quite so musical as may be obtained from an empty cask.

There appears to have been no improvement in the style of music of the Friendly Islanders, which is now represented to be as uncouth and barbarous as when they were visited by Captain Cook. In 1805, Mr. Mariner, in the *Port-au-Prince*, was made captive by the inhabitants of the Tonga-Islands, a part of the Friendly group, and detained for some time. He published an interesting account of his voyage and adventures, and also of the history, manners, and customs of the natives; and according to him, they would not seem to have anything that is worthy to be termed music. Describing the ceremonies at the marriage of the King's daughter, he says—"The musicians (if so they may be called) next sat down at the bottom of the ring, opposite to *Tooitonga*, (the bridegroom) in the middle of a circle of flambeaux, held by men, who also held baskets of sand, to receive the ashes. The musical instruments consisted of seven or eight bamboos, of different lengths and sizes, (from three to six feet long,) so as to produce, held by the middle, and one end being struck on the ground, different notes, according to the intended tune—all the knots being cut out of the bamboo, and one end plugged up with soft wood. The only other instrument was a piece of split bamboo, on which a man struck with two sticks, one in each hand, to regulate the time." They are very fond of singing, and on occasion of festivals, sometimes go about singing all night. Some of their songs are without rhymes and regular measure; but others have both. Mr. Mariner took down the words of a song which he frequently heard, given in a sort of recitative, by either sex—the ideas in which are ingenious and poetical. They also sing a melancholy air, a species of lament, over the corpses of the dead. Some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the South American continent had instruments of the same nature, but made of different materials, from those mentioned by Mr. Weld and Father Charlevoix. The Indians of Chile used flutes, made of the bones of their enemies whom they had overcome in war; they likewise made them of the bones of animals, but the Indians of war danced only to the former. Their way of singing was, to raise their voices altogether upon the same note; and at the end of each song, they played upon their flutes, and a species of trumpet.

The Indians of Brazil also used flutes made of human bones.

The *Bachapins*, a tribe of the *Caffres*, possess only one musical instrument, called *Licháká*, which is simply a reed-pipe, turned by means of a small moveable plug at the lower end, and having the upper, or mouth, cut transversely. They can express only a single note on these instruments; and when several performers meet together, whilst some are tuned in unison, others take different notes in the scale, the interval between the lowest and the highest pipe comprising about twelve notes. There is no particular *air* in their music; though a certain cadence is now and then perceptible. Mr. Burchell, who visited this tribe in 1812, supposes, that they never heard European airs before he had some performed to them

on the violin; and several boys who listened very attentively, soon learnt these tunes perfectly, and sung them with a readiness and correctness which surprised him.

Original Correspondence.

JULLIEN.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

July, 25th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—I perceive, by your last number of the *Musical World*, that your sketch of the life of M. Jullien is completed, but I sincerely hope that it will, eventually, be published. Indeed, I think it would be a great loss were it not placed within the reach of every lover of music, especially the young rising artists, for whom he has done so much in letting them hear music and artists, which to them even to this day, would have been in many places a sealed book. The publication will also be a good lesson to all those who opposed him with such scurrility and bitterness.

When I first heard his orchestral arrangements, I was convinced that he was a great musician, I therefore, resolved at all hazards, to give him all the support in my humble power, and I have done so, although surrounded with poisoned fiddlesticks, and pens dipped in the bitterest gall; but I now feel recompensed by the great good M. Jullien has conferred on all the rising talent in the United Kingdom, and amusement and gratification on the whole community.

With every apology,

I am, dear Sir, yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

P.S.—I hope you will let us know when M. Jullien sails for America, that we may follow him with our breeze of good wishes for his safe arrival.

[The writer of the above has enclosed us his name and address.
—ED. M. W.]

Foreign.

PARIS.—The *Academie Imperiale de Musique* will re-open on the 8th or 10th of August, with the *Huguenots*. M. Meyerbeer has written some new *airs de ballet* for the third act.—Madame Viardot has arrived in Paris.—Emile Prudent has left Paris for Geneva.—Sowinski, the pianist, has gone to Vichy.

COLOGNE.—The Cologne Choral Union have resolved to devote a portion of the money gained by their visit to London towards the completion of Cologne Cathedral.

Lefebure-Wely, the composer, is at Dieppe.

Godefroid, the harpist, is at Rochefort.

Ferdinand Hiller has left Paris for Cologne, where he intends to reside permanently, as principal of the Conservatoire in that city.

Teresa Milanollo, the violiniste, is at Pesth, where she has been giving concerts with the greatest success.

ABROAD

From the heaps of letters and journals under which our table groans, we gather the following:—

PARIS.—M. Halevy has finished his new three-act opera for the *Opera Comique*, which is in full rehearsal, and will in all likelihood be brought out in the first week of August. Meanwhile they have been playing at that theatre *Haidée* (Auber), the *Déserteur* (Monsigny), *Le Maçon* (Auber), and *L'Ambre* (D'Argentine), with Mademoiselle Revilly and Lemerrier, MM. Sainte Foix, Mocker, and Puget. The last, a new tenor, appears to have achieved a great success in *Haidée*, which has resumed all its old popularity.—The Theatre Lyrique will shortly re-open with a new three-act opera by Adrien Boieldieu, the son of the famous Boieldieu.

Two other new operas, by Clapisson and Wekerlin, are in preparation. Among the troupe are Madame Cabel, from Brussels, M. and Madame Meillet, from the Opera Comique, &c., &c. M. Séveste, the manager, has appointed M. Deloffre, the violinist, who was so many years in England, the *chef-d'orchestre*. The Opera Lyrique is the third national French Opera in Paris. In London we have not one.—CARLOTTA GRISI is in Paris. The *France Musicale* has the following about the Queen of dancers:—

"The celebrated *danseuse* has been some time at Paris, which she left about three years ago. The representation in which she was to have appeared for the benefit of the funds of the artists of the Opera not having taken place, the admirers of her adorable talent will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing her again, unless a director be found sufficiently far-sighted to retain her by an engagement worthy of her great renown."

LISZT is expected daily at Paris.—The music publishers of Paris have addressed a circular to the Operatic composers, requesting them not to allow the authors of *Vaudevilles* to insert popular airs from their operas in their pieces until after the expiration of five years.—Madame Ugalde is singing at the *Variétés*.

Letters from BADEN-BADEN announce the arrival of Ernst, La Grange, and the approaching advent of the sisters Marie and Sophie Cruvelli, who are at present at Ems. Seligmann, the violoncellist, and Ehrlich, the pianist of the King of Hanover, are also at Baden-Baden; so that, although Madame La Grange leaves almost immediately for Lyons, the musical season is expected to be a brilliant one.

From GENEVA we hear of the arrival of Emile Prudent, the pianist.

A letter from a small Italian town, called Bussetto, informs us that Verdi is composing an opera on the subject of Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

The Florence papers have long descriptions of the funeral of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, which took place in the church of Santa Maria Madelena, in the midst of a great concourse of friends and relations, among whom were her brothers and her son-in-law Frascini, who will be remembered as the tenor *di Maledizione* at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847.

PESTH.—Mademoiselle Térésa Milanollo, the violinist, is giving concerts here with great success.

At SEVILLE a new opera has been brought out by a Spanish composer, in which Madame Gassier has completely taken hold of the public sympathies. The name of the composer is not mentioned.

MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

Nor to dive into the primitive records of the origin of the Oratorio and the etymology of its title, but regarding this elevated class of musical composition in the matured form in which, except to the antiquary, it is only known, it is just to consider Handel as at once its inventor and perfecter. I advance this with due respect for such works of Bach, and of Graun, and of other contemporary writers, little known in England, as may be classed under the general title of Oratorio; because, whatever the merit of these, they obviously possess some quality that renders them ineffective, or they fail in something that would render them otherwise, since the experience of their disuse indicates their unavailability for performance. With Handel, on the contrary, the choice of his subjects, their arrangement, his treatment of them, his command of the resources of his art equal to his feeling for general effect, which, however dependent upon such resources, is often marred by their injudicious application—their felicitous combination

ensured for his mighty masterpieces the success of their own time and the ever-growing comprehension, and consequent estimation of their extraordinary beauties, of all time to come.

From the days of Handel to our own, there have been various essays in sacred composition, which have attained various success; but nothing that has been produced in this country approached the dignity, the grandeur, the sublimity of character in which the works of Handel are completely unique, until, in 1836, at the celebration of the Middle Rhine Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, Mendelssohn gave his first Oratorio to the world, and in *St. Paul* asserted his own claim to rank with the greatest masters of his art, by vindicating music from the supposition that it was exhausted in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*.

The merit of this truly great work lies, first in the subject, which, besides that it excites the universal sympathy of every Christian, and especially of every Protestant public, affords many and great opportunities for musical expression of the highest order, without which opportunities the artist would feel in vain, would in vain lavish his skill, capable only, by the cold results of his labour, of exciting our admiration, never of kindling our enthusiasm: and next, in the style of the music, which presents the broad simplicity of the pure contrapuntal school with such bright, vivid colouring as is afforded by the development that our art, hand-in-hand with the beautiful science that controls it, has undergone since that school prevailed. These are the elements of the success of *St. Paul*, which would have been, however, but unsubstantial chaos, save for the creative power that moulded them into form, and invested that form with pre-eminent beauty.

There is one drawback in the general effects of this Oratorio, to which only I can attribute its present lesser popularity in England than that of the other great sacred work of Mendelssohn. As such I can only regard the frequency of the narrative recitatives. These could not, without the violation of propriety, have been made musically interesting, neither could they have been made to afford any scope for the display of the declamatory power of the executants; but, necessitated as they are by the arrangement of the text, I feel them to be a sacrifice to the words of which the words make most ungrateful acknowledgment. In the *Messiah* and in *Israel in Egypt* there are no such unfortunate passages, essential to the carrying on of the action of the history at the expense of the musical interest of the Oratorio, and these works are here, perhaps in consequence, very much, I may almost say infinitely, preferred above all the other sacred works of the master,—and Mendelssohn appears to have anticipated the present objection by his avoidance of such a distribution of the subject in his later work. Great as are the dramatic, the declamatory, and the musical beauties that balance the passages to which I refer, and very small as is the extent of these in proportion to the entire work, which is otherwise all of interest, the effect of these narrative recitatives is certainly not outweighed, and if their presence in the Oratorio may scarcely be called a blemish, I, at least, cannot but feel it to be, as I have said, a drawback in the general effect. Either in Germany this drawback, if such it may be called, acts not, or it is counteracted by some other influence that prevails not here, for, as I learn on all hands, *St. Paul* is there the most esteemed among artists, and the most popular with the public of all Mendelssohn's works.

One feature, a very prominent one, of this composition is its incorporation of several of the Chorals or Hymns of the Lutheran Church. This must conduce greatly to the popu-

larity of *St. Paul* throughout Protestant Germany, where these ancient tunes are very much more generally, very much more familiarly known than are any of the Psalm-tunes, except the hundredth, and possibly some one or two besides, in use in the Church of England, known in this country; because such household, such almost instinctive familiarity with the simple tunes as prevails in Germany must there give a peculiar charm to their introduction in any elaborate composition, to which we (who know the Choral, not by long habit that has grown up from infancy, but for the first time as here presented), are wholly insusceptible; and, moreover, must enable those hearers to trace the tune through the contrapuntal development to which they are occasionally submitted with a clearness to which only an intimate knowledge of the work can help us, and with an interest to which we must ever be strangers.

It may be desirable for those who know not the practice (as was my case for long after I knew and admired *St. Paul*), to explain that it has always been a custom of the Protestant composers of Germany to employ these Lutheran chorals after the manner in which Palestrina and other musicians, who devoted their talents to the service of the church of Rome, employed the Gregorian Tones, as Plain Song or Canto Fermo on which to construct every variety of contrapuntal elaboration, sometimes simple, sometimes florid, sometimes double, sometimes constructing a fugue upon some independent subject, upon which the Canto Fermo is ingrafted; and the Protestant writers have emulated, and even surpassed, the profundity of research and complexity of contrivance in which the Roman Catholic contrapuntists so eminently distinguish themselves, as though they identified their art with their church, and the rivalry of the one induced a rivalry, no less honourable surely, in the other. Thus we find that besides harmonizing a collection extending to three hundred or more of these primitive Lutheran Chorals, in plain counterpoint, Bach selected from them themes for many of his more elaborate instrumental and vocal compositions, among which may be cited the ten Church Cantatas, first published a short time since by the Bach Society of Leipzig, each of which is founded on one of these venerable tunes, and one of them, consisting of seven distinct movements, *Airs, Duets, Choruses*, has no other subject but only one Choral which is diversified by seven several modes of treatment. Many other composers, if not to the same extent and if not with the same success as Bach, certainly in the same spirit of musicianship, and, I am inclined to believe, also of devotion, have in like wise expended their utmost ingenuity in the treatment of some or other of these Lutheran tunes, and Mendelssohn was in this exercise of his art no less active than the rest.

It is to be observed as peculiar in the treatment of these Chorals that composers have allowed themselves the greatest and the most arbitrary license with regard to the rhythmical arrangement of their theme, writing it either in longer or in shorter notes, in common or in triple measure, with utter indifference as to its original form, if, indeed, it were possible to trace this through the modification to which traditional preservation has subjected them. Not only in the rhythm, but even in the intervals of the tunes we find many various readings in the renderings of various authors, and in the several readings of the same author; thus, in the Cantata of Bach to which I have alluded, since the same Choral forms the only subject of seven several movements, the effect of the whole is by no means so monotonous as might naturally be expected, since, by lengthening some notes and shortening others, by varying the measure, and by changing

some of the intervals, especially by the occasional introduction of notes of ornament, ingenious contrivance elicits more versatility from one fixed theme than barren invention could display with unlimited scope for the exercise of its feeble power. This will account for some discrepancies that appear between some of the Chorals introduced in *St. Paul* as they are here presented and as they are to be found in other compositions, and between the various renderings of the same subject in different parts of the present work.

It must be understood that it is the custom of the performance of the Choral in the Lutheran churches, where it is given in its simplest form and sung by the whole congregation, to pause at the end of each strain of the tune and line of the words, however various the length of each, and, when the performance is accompanied by the organ, these pauses are filled up with interludes at the discretion of the organist, more or less after the manner, but rarely to the extent of the interludes played between the verses of the Psalms in our parochial churches. This custom has given rise to the practice with musicians of separating the strains of the Choral by shorter or longer interludes when they introduce it in prolonged composition, sometimes consisting only of a florid passage while the last harmony of the voices is sustained, sometimes consisting only of extensive fugal development of the subject employed as principal counterpoint against the Canto Fermo. Such is the origin of the interludes by which, in some cases the several strains of the Chorals employed in *St. Paul* are divided, with what happy skill and with what admirable effect the complete success and great popularity of these prominent portions of the work in this country, where the tunes derive no interest from constant intimacy, and early association, fully attest.

The appropriation of these Lutheran hymns to the subject of the present Oratorio, is peculiarly pertinent, for, the same tunes are invariably connected with the same words, and therefore suggest the words to which they belong whenever they are heard, and, these presenting always allusions to, or embodiments of, the principles and tenets which it was the sacred mission of *St. Paul* to promulgate, their introduction forms a popular, and instantly appreciable, and I think, a simple, beautifully poetical illustration of the narrative of the Apostle's career. Besides this poetical purpose in their incorporation in the work, we have also to consider the powerful relief even upon our unfamiliar ears, they afford to the more extended rhythmical forms, and the more copious development of the other portions of the Oratorio; then we must regard our composer's especial fondness for exercising his musicianship upon these themes, irrespective of their appropriation to the purposes of devotion or their expression of its feelings, evinced in his introduction of them not only in his sacred works, but into his chamber music, which, if not necessarily of a secular character, can scarcely have been designed to bear a sacred tendency; and we may, not unfairly, suppose that this fondness sprung from the custom of his countrymen and from his emulation of that Colossus of counterpoint whose works were his chief and constant admiration, so as to be esteemed, in fact, a point of artistry, no more than from a devotional feeling of which he found his art the most congenial medium of expression. Thus is explained the appearance of the Lutheran Chorals in the work under notice, and the consideration that Luther fulfilled the character of a new *St. Paul* to the Reformed Church, and that these very verses and these very tunes were of his own dissemination, and are peculiarly characteristic of the Church he established, gives such truthfulness, such pertinence, as I have said, to their present application as must be appreciable by every one.

Mendelssohn's entire treatment of his subject, as it will be the object of these remarks to trace, is of a highly poetical character; to do justice, therefore, to his noble creation, we have not only to acknowledge the beautiful phraseology and the masterly development of his ideas, but, equally, that secondary interest which betrays the higher purpose of the artist, and which, while it is above criticism, is level with the sympathies of those who are sensitive to it. Such is the distinction between a work of art and a manufacture—between poetry and handicraft; and with this distinction *St. Paul* is most powerfully marked. It is now to enter upon an examination of its merits, which, as the expression of my own feelings, is the sincerest tribute I can offer to the memory of a genius that needs not the feeble light of verbal commentary to expound his greatness.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

Reviews of Music.

"PIETRO IL GRANDE"—Opera Seria in Cinque atti, Musica di L. G. Jullien.—Poesia di Desmond Ryan, con versione Italiana di Manfredo Maggioni, Ridotta per canto con accompagnamento di Pianoforte, di Thomas Baker. Jullien & Co.

In other words—English—we have here Jullien's *Pietro il Grande*, the entire work, with Italian and English words, the pianoforte score rendered from the orchestral score by Thomas Baker. The volume—that at least sent us—is a magnificent and imposing tome. It is splendidly bound in Russia, (an excellent pun, by the way, on the part of Jullien,) with gold letters and ornaments, and gilt edges. The book extends to 546 pages of letter-press, and contains five of Brandard's most admirable and highly-finished illustrations. The first represents Tamberlik as Peter the Great in military undress—a spirited and striking likeness of the great tenor as he appeared in the character of the renowned Czar at the Royal Italian Opera. The second is no less faithful and life-like a resemblance of Mademoiselle Adrianoff, dancing the charming Mazurka in the third act. In the third, we have Peter and his six generals as they appeared singing the famous septuor, before the rush off to the battle-field—a picturesque and animated illustration. The fourth shows us Catherine in the Kremlin, overtaken by the snow-storm and fainting at the church steps—an excellent likeness of the fair Anna Zerr. Lastly, we have full length portraits of the Emperor and Empress—Tamberlik and Mademoiselle Zerr—capital likenesses both—in their magnificent coronation robes. Taken altogether, as to printing, binding and illustrations, the book of *Pietro il Grande* is one of the most complete and splendid ever issued from the musical press. Mr. Baker has done his work like a thorough musician. The pianoforte score is ably rendered from the original, and preserves every point of interest, which is capable of being preserved. The opera, we perceive—contrary to the form in which it was given at Covent Garden—is divided into five acts. We see no reason for this, and cannot guess why Jullien should have altered it so.

"LILY OF THE VALE."—Song—Poetry by W. Bartholomew, Esq.,—Music composed by H. Handel Gear. Addison & Hollier.

This is a very charming little ballad, with a new and peculiarly attractive accompaniment, admirably written for the voice, and within the means of the general average of singers. "The Lily of the Vale," is altogether one of Mr. Handel Gear's happiest inspirations, and we recommend it with warmth to all our fair friends. The words are without pretence and simple—in short, good ballad words.

"THINK OF ME IN TWILIGHT HOUR."—Ballad, by Mrs. WILLIAM JOHNSON. Addison and Hollier.

We have little objection to this ballad; but we cannot allow the third bar of the symphony, where a G—4 on F, in the key of B flat, is followed by the 7—5—3 on G, to pass without a strong recommendation to the fair authoress to alter it. The melody of

the song is simple and expressive, and were the accentuation correct throughout we should have still less objection. The words are not uncommon, but they are smooth and flowing.

"LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON BOOK FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By G. A. Macfarren.—Rust and Co.

Mr. Macfarren would seem to have descended from the chair of philosophy to the desk of the seminary. Where erst he summoned around him eager inquirers into the depths and subtleties of art, he now convokes those little prattlers, who may be said to pull in childish playfulness its skirts. We may say at once that he is equally successful in teaching the young idea how to shoot, in placing the bow in the infant hand and directing the arrow to the bull's eye of its tiny aspirations, as in instructing the bearded scholar, pale enthusiast, and the full-grown contrapuntist.

The design of "Little Clarina's Lesson Book"—which without any exception is the most winning, the simplest, clearest, most satisfactory, and the least a bore of any elementary treatise for children which has ever come under our notice—may be much better expressed in the words of the author than in any description we could attempt. We therefore quote the preface:—

"Mamma says that the little darling girl shall learn to play upon the pianoforte; and a very great treat it is to the little darling girl to think that she will soon be able to play the pretty tunes that so much delighted her all these years, when mamma played and she could only listen, or perhaps dance too, to the merry music.

"Before, however, the little darling girl can play one, the easiest, of the tunes of which she thinks with so much pleasure,—before she can be allowed to place her hands upon the key-board,—she has to pass through a long, long, very dreary time of learning all that sadly dry stuff of which music seems to be made, but which is indeed no part of music; and how great is her disappointment at finding that, instead of pretty tunes, instead of playing upon the pianoforte, she has a daily, dull, and difficult lesson about lines and spaces, and semibreves and crotchets, and bars, and flats and sharps, and who can count what a many troublesome and uninteresting matters of the kind,—how great is her disappointment at finding this? the tears, the sulky looks, and the conviction that music, the most beautiful thing in the world, is the most hateful, because the most disagreeable,—these, which the discovery has cost her, tell too truly how great is her disappointment.

"Convinced that misery and music need not mean the same thing, even in a child's first lessons, and with the dear incentive of a little darling girl to teach,—to remove difficulties from whose course is the best pleasure of life,—I have made a very careful attempt to lessen the obstacles of a child's musical instruction, and so to hasten the very great treat that should exist, not in the child's thought alone, but in positive possession; and "Clarina's Lesson-Book for the Pianoforte" is the result.

"However desirable for a grown person it may be to have an entire subject presented to them at a single glance, such conciseness makes it perfectly incomprehensible to an infant student; and the technical explanations in this book are therefore separated into the smallest divisions, each of which, as it is given, is illustrated by copious musical examples.

"It is proposed that, as soon as the pupil shall know by name the keys of the pianoforte, the exercise of the fingers shall immediately commence; for which purpose they are here given a number of *Lessons by Dictation*, of which the teacher may tell the pupil what note to play, before the pupil learns to look upon printed music, or to understand one of its signs. These practical lessons, which, it is supposed, will at once excite and gratify the pupil's interest, are alternated with short technical lessons, which, it is expected, will be the less dull and the less difficult for being thus divided. All, of words and of notes, that is printed in small characters, is intended for the teacher only to read; all that is printed in large characters is intended to be read by the pupil. When sufficient explanation has been given to enable the pupil to read a very small piece, composed upon a very few notes, such a piece is first introduced; and, by degrees, as more notes are taught, and as other signs are successively explained, other pieces are successively introduced, in which they successively occur. Gradually the *Lessons by Dictation* become more and more rare, as the pupil,

learning to read, becomes enabled to dispense with this assistance of the teacher; until, at last, when all the signs of music have been explained, the small printing is discontinued, and the large characters for the pupils to read are only employed.

"It is now no longer the age for merely superficial study, and, in music, no one of intelligence will be contented for their knowledge to reach only to the ends of their fingers. It is now not enough to play notes, but it is felt to be desirable for us to understand them. Upon this unanswerable and very generally admitted principle, some explanations of the first rudiments of harmony are interspersed throughout the practical exercises of the Lesson-Book; not with the intent to make musical composers of all into whose hands it may fall—musical composers, like other artists, if they be not really made by nature, will never repay the cost of artificial manufacture—but to enable them truly to understand the compositions of others, which is the real profit of a fundamental education. This subject is little more than hinted at in the present work; but the end is answered, if, as with the pianoforte lessons, what is taught stimulate the desire for further knowledge.

"The work is divided into parts, each of which is published separately, with the knowledge, familiar to the experience of every teacher, that, even with older pupils than those for whom 'Clarina's Lesson-Book' is designed, the monotony of long study from the same book makes the book and the study alike hateful to the student; whereas the variety of beginning upon a fresh volume gives new interest to the pursuit, and new impulse to follow it. The shape and size of the book are chosen partly with the same idea, inasmuch as the frequency of turning over a new page will prevent each lesson from assuming a look of tediousness, from the sight of difficulties, surpassed or threatening, in its neighbour; partly, also, because little heads reach not to the top of a full-sized sheet of music upon a pianoforte desk; and little eyes are apt to wander from an object that is not exactly before them. Whenever little eyes wander, great attention is sure to bear them company. Thus the top of a page being placed within the natural field of vision, there is the best chance of its being looked at; and should any bad habits of inattention beset a pupil, there are many opportunities to 'turn over a new leaf' with the book and the scholar at the same time.

"Such is the plan of 'Clarina's Lesson-Book.' Its object is to facilitate, and to render as interesting as possible, the study of music to infant pupils, and to lay the foundation of a pure musical taste. The experience of one pupil and one teacher shows me that it is not incompetent to its object; and I therefore confidently hope that many a little darling girl, and some very clever fellows of boys too, may by its means escape the too frequent disappointment of those who have vainly expected to find it a very great treat to learn to play upon the pianoforte."

The whole of this is effected in a manner at once comprehensive and familiar—comprehensive, inasmuch as it embraces all that such a treatise should embrace; familiar, inasmuch as it addresses itself to the intelligence of the youngest and tenderest scholar, whose task of acquiring it renders it at once easy and pleasant. Such a book deserves general patronage. The name of its author would suffice to recommend it, were not its excellence and extreme utility recommendations of themselves.

"Zion."—A Sacred Cantata, composed and inscribed to Edward Estill, Esq. By Charles Danvers Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxford, Organist of the Parish Church, Liverpool. Ewer and Co.

Mr. Charles Danvers Hackett—who has long been a labourer in the good vineyard, has plucked raisins from the vine of life, and squeezed them into the bucket of faith, wherefrom went forth the goodly wine that enriched the veins, engorged the blood, and made merry the stomachs of the sturdy—had a right to ascend Mount Zion on the wings of harmony, as much as Albert Smith had a right to climb Mount White on the ladder of memory (ante *Musical World*, vol. —, page —).

Zion is a sacred cantata, for voice and instruments, of which the subject is "Zion." The opening instrumental symphony, represented by the piano, is in the best style of provincial organist voluntary. A treble recitative follows in the major (E), which leads to a semi-chorus in four parts (3-2 measure), in which it may be

remarked that the key major (E) is preserved. A duet for two trebles follows, of which it may be remarked that the key major (E) and the measure (3-2) are preserved. Of an air for the tenor voice, which comes next, it may be observed that it consists of an *Andantino* in the key major (A), followed by an *animato* with a rolling bass, which may be traced to one of the Sacred Songs of Edward J. Loder, Esq., now of Manchester, also in the key major (A); whereupon appears a chorus in four parts, which begins and ends in the key major (A)—the latter part of which would require a tenor to help him through it. A bass recitative in F sharp minor leads to a chorus in four parts, in the key minor (E). Now follows a four part chorus in the key major (E), of which it may be dicated that it consists of two parts, each in four parts—a *Largo* which aims at stateliness, and a fugue which covets elaboration; of which the answers are correct, and which, for the most part, vigorously retains its position in the key aforesaid—major, E. Of the fugue, it may be further announced, that it inclines, like the second part of the *Scherzo* in Beethoven's symphony, No. 9, to three bar rhythm, and that towards the end occurs a sequence in the Rinkian manner, which other composers of sacred cantatas have affected. We now obtain a quartet in the key major (E), which is promptly followed by a chorus in four parts, "Hallelujah," of which it may be insisted, that it comprehends two parts—or rather the semblance of two parts, since the two are merely parts of one—being closely allied by family and sequential (not consequential) ties—a *con spirito* and episodic *fugato*, both in the key major (E), bringing the cantata to a conclusion *con spirito*, and with little ado.

Thus much for Zion.

Provincial.

NORWICH CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Friday evening (the 22nd), the Choral Society gave the second concert of the present series, to a full audience at St. Andrew's Hall, when Haydn's *Creation* was performed. The severe drilling demanded for two new Oratorios at the late Musical Festival, and the constant practice required for these concerts (under the superintendence of Mr. Hill the chorus master, and Mr. Harcourt, the instrumental conductor) have brought the chorus to such a high training. The choruses, "Awake the Harp," and "The Heavens are telling," were sung with infinite point and spirit, the "pianos" being well preserved. The passage at the words, "For ever blessed be his power," was remarkably well delivered. Mrs. Endersohn and Mr. Weiss were the principal singers engaged from London—the tenor part being entrusted to Mr. Mann of Norwich, who, though well known here as a private concert singer, may be said to have made his public debut on the present occasion. At the commencement Mr. Mann showed symptoms of nervousness, but was quite at his ease in the beautiful air "In native worth," which was very creditably sung. His voice is good, and with study he promises to make a valuable singer. Mrs. Endersohn, and Mr. Weiss are too well-known to require particular comment. The band, if not large, was complete and effective. Hausmann, the violoncellist, who may be almost said to be naturalized at these concerts, took excellent care of the recitatives. Messrs. Baumann and Lazarus have been almost constantly engaged, and at this series Mr. Card, the flautist, was added, the Oboe alone being in the hands of an amateur. It is needless to add that by such hands the wind instrument passages, upon which so much depends in this Oratorio were perfectly rendered. The solos in the "Chaos" were well played, but some of the *fortes* wanted more power. The price of subscribers' tickets is wisely set so low, as to bring these concerts within reach of the great mass of the people. The consequence is that almost every one in Norwich is more or less of a musician, a result deserving imitation throughout the kingdom.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. A. Baker has been re-appointed organist to St. Luke's Church, in this town, and resumed his duties on the 19th ult.

Miscellaneous.

MR. W. S. WOODIN, to whose performances at the *Salle Robin* we have more than once alluded, was married, on Saturday, to Miss Sprague, a lady, we are told, of great accomplishments.

M. BLUMENTHAL, the fashionable pianist and composer, has left London, for a tour on the continent.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—These gentlemen have secured the services of Mrs. Alexander Newton, as vocalist, for their forthcoming tour in the provinces in October next.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The third flower-show of the season took place on Tuesday. The weather was fine, the gardens looked gay and festive, and, towards evening, became crowded. The collection of flowers was the best of the season. The contributions of Messrs. Rollisson attracted most attention. Among these was the *Stanhopea oculata* and *quadriflora*, an eastern plant of singular beauty and exquisite perfume. The *Stephanotis floribunda*, (Pamplin and Sons) in scent and appearance resembling a jasmine, together with the roses and some specimens of hollyhock, (supplied by Paul and Son) excited much admiration. The saxhorn band of Messrs. Distin were engaged, and the fireworks were of unusual magnificence. We must not omit Miss Cicely Nott, who was encored, as usual, in her two songs.

MANSION HOUSE.—The vocalists engaged at the dinner given this day sen'ight to her Majesty's Ministers by the Lord Mayor, were Messrs Young, Wesley and Bodda, Miss Messent and Miss Eyles. The number and length of the speeches curtailed the selection of music of its fair proportions. After the grace and anthem, there were but three pieces performed. These were Mr. Hatton's trio, "Hail, Albert, hail!" sung by the three gentlemen, Curschman's popular "Ti prego," delivered by Mr. Wesley and the two syrens, and Donizetti's cavatina from *Roberto Devereux*, "L'amor suo mi fe beata," taken by Miss Messent with her usual excellent taste and feeling. The rest of the programme, consisting in all of ten pieces, was, for the aforesaid reasons, omitted.

SIGNOR LUIGI GORDIGIANI.—One of the most highly patronised and most fashionably attended *matinées* of the season came off at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Wednesday, July the 20th. The vocalists were Mesdames Clara Novello and Marchesi, MM. Lefort and Villot, and Signori Gardoni, Marchesi, and Ciabatta;—the instrumentalists Bazzini, Bottesini and Piatti, three Italians of the first string. The concert included some charming *moreaux* of Signor Gordigiani's own composition, among which we may name, as the most effective, a romanza entitled "Marie Stuart," sung with decided effect, by Madame Marchesi-Graumann; duettino, "E quando di morir," most beautifully given by Madame Clara Novello and Signor Gardoni, and loudly encored; a romanza, "Eva un sorriso," exquisitely warbled by Signor Gardoni, and a *canto popolare*, called "E mezzo di Bolero," rendered in brilliant style by Madame Marchesi Graumann. The concert, in other respects, was interesting. Signori Muratori and Gordigiani officiated as conductors.

MISS E. T. GREENFIELD'S CONCERT AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—A grand morning concert, for the benefit of this lady, was held on Saturday at Stafford House, by the kind permission of the Duchess of Sutherland. Among the distinguished company, in addition to her Grace of Sutherland, were Lord Grosvenor and Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Ladies Lascelles, Prince Czartoriski, Madame Bunsen, Mdle. Bunsen, the Marchioness of Aylesbury, the Ladies Pelham, the Viscountess D'Alté, the Marchioness of Hastings, the Dowager Lady Ashbrook, Lady Caroline Murray, Lady Jane Walsh, Miss Walsh, the Lady Mayoress and family, Lady Anne Dashwood, Lord Frederick Hay, Lady Thomas Hay, the Hon. H. Powis, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cowper, Sir John Walsh, Hon. Mrs. Shaw Lefevre and the Misses Lefevre, Miss Hope Vere, Mr. and Mrs. Monkton Milnes, Mrs. Alexander, Major and Miss Price, Miss Howard, Mrs. Henry Villebois, Miss Talbot, Miss Trafford, Mrs. L'Estrange, &c. The vocalists and instrumentalists who assisted were Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Rosina Bentley, Madame Dreyfus, MM. Bottesini, De Valadarez, and Jules Benedict. The principal drawing-room was appropriated to the concert, and the whole of the magnificent suite of rooms were thrown open to the audience. Miss Greenfield sung in the course of the morning, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Home, sweet home," "The Cradle Song," by Vincent Wallace, and a new song composed for her by Mr. Charles Glover, entitled, "I am free," and acquitted herself evidently to the gratification of her patrons.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The first exhibition of a picture of Constantinople took place at this interesting gallery on Monday last; it is a work worthy the reputation of the artists, Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. At this moment nothing could be more *à propos* than its introduction to the public, who are on the *qui vive* for everything that has reference to the "City of Harems." From information derived from authentic sources, we can inform our readers that the picture is a perfect representation of Constantinople; and, short of a visit, it is impossible to gain a more intimate knowledge of that city than by an inspection of the view now to be obtained at the Gallery of Illustration. The Diorama of the Ocean Mail still continues its attraction.

MR. GEORGE FRENCH FLOWERS gave his second Exhibition of the Students of the British School of Vocalisation, on Monday evening week, at the Music Hall, Store Street. Twenty-four pupils assisted the professor, and a large circle of the admirers and supporters of the New British College of Singing surrounded, or more properly semi-surrounded him. The programme was a first-rate one, and tended to put the twenty-four on their best mettle. Thus it ran:—

Part I.—Choral Fugue, "To God ascribe the power of song, Nor to one race doth Art belong" (Flowers); solo, "Revenge," Mr. Lansdowne, (Weber); trio, "Soave sia il vento," Misses Curtice and Woodward, Mr. Woodward, *Così Fan Tutti*, (Mozart); solo and chorus, "Lo scampo vien," *Faust*, (Spohr); duet, "I would that my love," Misses Clara Holmes and Woodward, Mr. Shelley, (Mendelssohn); chorus of men, "True sword," (Weber); solo, "Porgi Amor," Miss Clara Holmes, *Figaro*, (Mozart); chorus, "Pastoral" (Flowers); solo, "Ah! che questi," Mr. Benham, *Il Seraglio* (Mozart); solo, "Philomena abbandonata," Miss Curtice, *Orfeo* (Haydn); chorus of men, "O'er moor and mountain" (Spohr). Part II.—Solo and chorus, "Lorely," Miss Whittaker, (Mendelssohn); cavatina, "Adelaide," Mr. Parris (Beethoven); solo, "Serenely calm, love, is the night," Miss Whittaker (Flowers); romanza, "Poi sentir," Miss Leedes, *I Quattro Fratelli* (Balle); solo, "Blue eyes," Mr. B. Bonfield (Behrens); solo, "Piu non si trovano," (MS.) Miss Rivers (Flowers); song, "O ruddier than the cherry," Mr. Miles (Handel); duetto, "Anna Bolena," Miss Egerton and Miss Woodward (Donizetti); solo, "Dove sono," Miss Woodward, *Figaro* (Mozart); chorus of men, "Who is he thou woodland maze" (Mendelssohn).

The first encore was awarded to Mendelssohn's duet, which was very nicely given. Weber's spirited chorus obtained the next *bis*, and deservedly. The twenty-four acquitted themselves like eager and experienced chorists. Encore the third—"Porgi amor," Miss Clara Holmes. The lady is very young—half past eleven or thereabouts, merely—but has already made great progress, and has acquired a good style and good method. We cannot say she mastered Mozart's most exquisite song, but she made a powerful offer to do so—an offer that was anything but juvenile. Mr. French Flowers must have taken great pains to have effected what he has with his youthful *prima donna*; but she has talent decidedly, and is full of promise. The fourth call for a repetition was won by Mr. French Flowers' pastoral chorus, a good chorus, and well taken. To be brief, there were nine encores out of twenty-one pieces; which proves that the hearers were more than usually delighted with the performance. The only drawback to the concert, was the unavoidable absence of Miss Annie de Lara—Mr. French Flowers' phenomenon, as she has been styled—which created much disappointment on the part of that young artist's friends and admirers. The exhibition was entirely successful, and Mr. French Flowers was complimented at the conclusion by several who were present, in terms at once warm and profuse. The Music Hall was crowded.—(From a Correspondent.)

MADAME LUCCI SIEVERS gave a *Matinée Musicale* on Saturday, July 16th, at the Réunion des Arts, and was assisted by Mesdames Marchesi Graumann, Leopoldine Ziska, and Caradori, and MM. Lefort, Villot, Gardoni, Marchesi, and Cimino as vocalists; and MM. Benedict, Salabert, and Mattei (piano), and M. Pacque (violinello), as instrumentalists. The concert was *de la première force*. Madame Lucci Sievers is triple-talented: she sings, plays the piano, and composes; and does each of the three well. We shall be glad to hear and learn more of this lady. Madame Lucci Sievers comes to London highly credentialed; she writes herself Honorary Member of the Phil. Academy at Palermo, Rome, &c. &c. &c.; and doubtless possesses other sounding titles, with which we shall be acquainted anon.

Mrs. MACDONNELL, whose concert-singing this season has been so much admired, has gone to Dublin, her native city. She will return to London in September.

Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON has returned from her short continental trip, and we have much pleasure in transcribing the following opinions of the French press:—"Madame Newton—gracieuse cantatrice, pleine de verve, douée d'une fort belle voix et possédant une fort jolie méthode."—*La Colonne et L'Observateur*, 17th July.

"Madame Alexandre Newton prosede un organe très souple, très-étendu, et elle soit en tirer tout le parti convenable; son duo avec M. Braham a eu les honneurs d'une seconde audition et c'était justice."—*L'Impartial de Boulogne*, July 14th.

"Mrs. Newton, in her duets, and "Qui la voce," from the *Puritani*, established her character as a good musician, possessed of a pleasing voice of considerable compass."—*Boulogne New Times*, July 16th.

MR. EDWARD SHARP was, on Thursday, by a majority of 28 votes, elected organist of the Orphan Asylum, vacant by the resignation of Mr. William Horsley. There were seven candidates.

MADMOISELLE CLAUSSE has gone to Dieppe for a for a few days. She will return to London shortly.

PRINCE ALBERT AND PSALMODY.—It was lately announced by the Court Newsman, that a piece of sacred music, composed by the King of Hanover, had been performed in the Chapel Royal. This occurrence was nearly coincident with another, which is not likely to reach the world through the medium just referred to, but which may not, on that account, be less interesting to many of our readers—we allude to the fact that the Prince Consort has presented a Dissenting congregation with two pieces of sacred music, of his Royal Highness's composition. The circumstances were these:—A committee of gentlemen were engaged in compiling a new tune-book for the use of the congregation referred to—the Weigh-house—when, in a collection of tunes obtained from the other side of the Atlantic, they found one attributed to Prince Albert. The gentlemen in question were laudibly anxious not only to assign every tune to its right owner, but, in every case in which it was practicable, to obtain the owner's permission for its use. An application was, therefore, made in the proper quarter, and the origin of the piece was placed beyond a doubt by the permission which its royal composer immediately granted for its use. That permission was graciously accompanied by the additional offer, upon the part of his Royal Highness, of another of his musical compositions, which was, of course, readily accepted, and accordingly Prince Albert's "Gotha" and a "Christmas Hymn" form a portion of the tune-book just adopted by the Weigh-house. The first three pastors of this congregation were clergymen ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity, and were repeatedly imprisoned—sometimes interrupted in the performance of divine service, and taken from the sacred desk to gaol. Gratifying is the contrast thus presented between the fortunes of a Non-conformist Church in the Stuart era, and under the benignant sway of Queen Victoria.—*Christian Times*.

DEATH OF MISS MARIA SMITH, VOCALIST.—We regret to learn that Miss Maria Smith, the youngest of the celebrated Misses Smith, vocalists, formerly resident in this city, died on Saturday morning last week, at Margate, after a lingering illness. For a long time this young lady was only known as a highly-accomplished singer in private, her natural timidity preventing her from making any public appearance. On the withdrawal, however, some years ago, of her eldest sister from the profession, consequent upon her marriage, she was induced to join her second sister, Miss Julia Smith, in those beautiful duets which have rendered their name familiar to the lovers of music in all parts of the country. We may add to this brief notice, that Miss Maria Smith was remarkable for the sweetness and amiability of her disposition, and her general elevation of character, no less than for her fine taste and rare accomplishments, both as a singer and an instrumentalist, and was ever regarded with the greatest affection and the tenderest interest by her relatives and friends.—*Edinburgh Paper*.

ANGRI—THE MOLE.

Venus said to Cupid, "Go,
Add a charm to Angri's face,
And o'er her matchless features throw
The halo of a new-born grace."

Strait'way as his mother bids,
His glance divine the urchin throwing
On the syren's eyes, he kissed their lids,
Thus stealing sweets, but none bestowing.

But touching with ethereal fire,
Her cheek, his lip its lightning left,
In a shadowy scar, engraven there,
The God of Love's imperial gift.

J. G.

[We have omitted a stanza of the above *jeu-d'esprit*, on account of its being what the French call "*trop leste*." We hope our correspondent will not be offended, and we shall be glad if any of our contributors will furnish us with an epigram in counterfeit of that of J. G. There are plenty of subjects.—D. R.]

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

W. K., Dublin; P. C., Dundee; S. C., Norwich; E. F., Oxford; R. M., Leeds; Mrs. S., Plymouth; T. W., Nottingham.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

THE Ninth Public Drawing for Priority of Choice on the Society's Estates in various counties, will take place at the Offices, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, on Saturday, the 13th of August, at Twelve o'clock. All persons who take and pay on shares before the time of drawing will participate. Shares, £50. Monthly payments, 8s. per share. Post-office orders for 12s. 6d., in the name of the Secretary, payable at 282, Strand, will secure the immediate entry of new country or town members in the Society's books. Office hours from 10 to 5, except on Mondays and Fridays, and then from 10 to 3 o'clock. The allotment of the Brockley Park Estate, Forest Hill, West Kent, and of the estate half-way between Ware and Hertford, is fixed for Thursday the 18th, at the offices.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNELSON, Secretary.

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MORNING MIST (Sequel to EVENING DEW) -	2 6	3 0
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